

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Santa Claus Gets a Christmas Present

SANTA CLAUS tucked the robe in tight all around the right side of the cutter and Mrs. Santa tucked it on the left.

"There now," she said with a lone some sort of a smile, "you're all tucked in warm and mind you don't loosen your robe before you get out of the cold north." You see, Mrs. Santa had a hard time keeping her husband good and well, for he would get so interested in filling stockings and climbing out chimneys that he many times forgot to tuck the robes back as they should be tucked.

"Fiddle!" laughed Santa Claus, good naturedly. To tell the truth he rather liked to have his good wife fuss over him but he pretended to think it all booh, just like all men do. "Fiddle and to deo! Nobody catches cold on Christmas Eve! Anybody would think I was a Christmas tree ball wrapped up in cotton to keep from breaking—the way you talk!" He laughed heartily and then added, "all the same, my dear, I wish there were room so you could go along. Many is the place I need help."

"You'd be surprised how careless people are about hanging up their stockings!" he continued as he hunted in his pocket for his pipe. "You know I told you last year I found five hundred stockings hung up with pins! Just common ordinary pins that would hardly hold a thing! Of course the minute I filled them, down they dropped and I had to stop all my work and hunt a nail and get them up again." But this year, if I find any of those same stockings fastened with pins—after they have had nails fixed in a crack so nicely that the mark won't show—I shall just turn around and go to the next house without leaving one single thing." Santa shook his head severely.

"Even if there are good children in the house?" asked Mrs. Santa anxiously, and she put her two feet on the runners of his sleigh so he couldn't start

up the reindeer without answering her question.

"If the children are good," replied Santa, "they will fasten their stockings firmly so as not to delay me. Good children think about me and how very much I have to do all in one evening—no one knows that better than I do, my dear."

Mrs. Santa didn't reply. She looked far off across the snow covered mountains and the meadows that lay, brown and frozen, under the gleaming snow. For you see, the sun had not yet gone down on the afternoon before Christmas when Santa Claus left his northern home. He had to start early to get around. But Mrs. Santa didn't see the mountains and she didn't see the snow covered meadows. She didn't see anything but an idea that had just that very minute popped into her head.

Mrs. Claus had always wanted to do something to surprise Santa on Christmas Eve, like other folks do. And now for the first time, she had an idea. "You stay right here till I come back," she ordered, suddenly, and off to the work shop she dashed as fast as ever her galoshes would carry her.

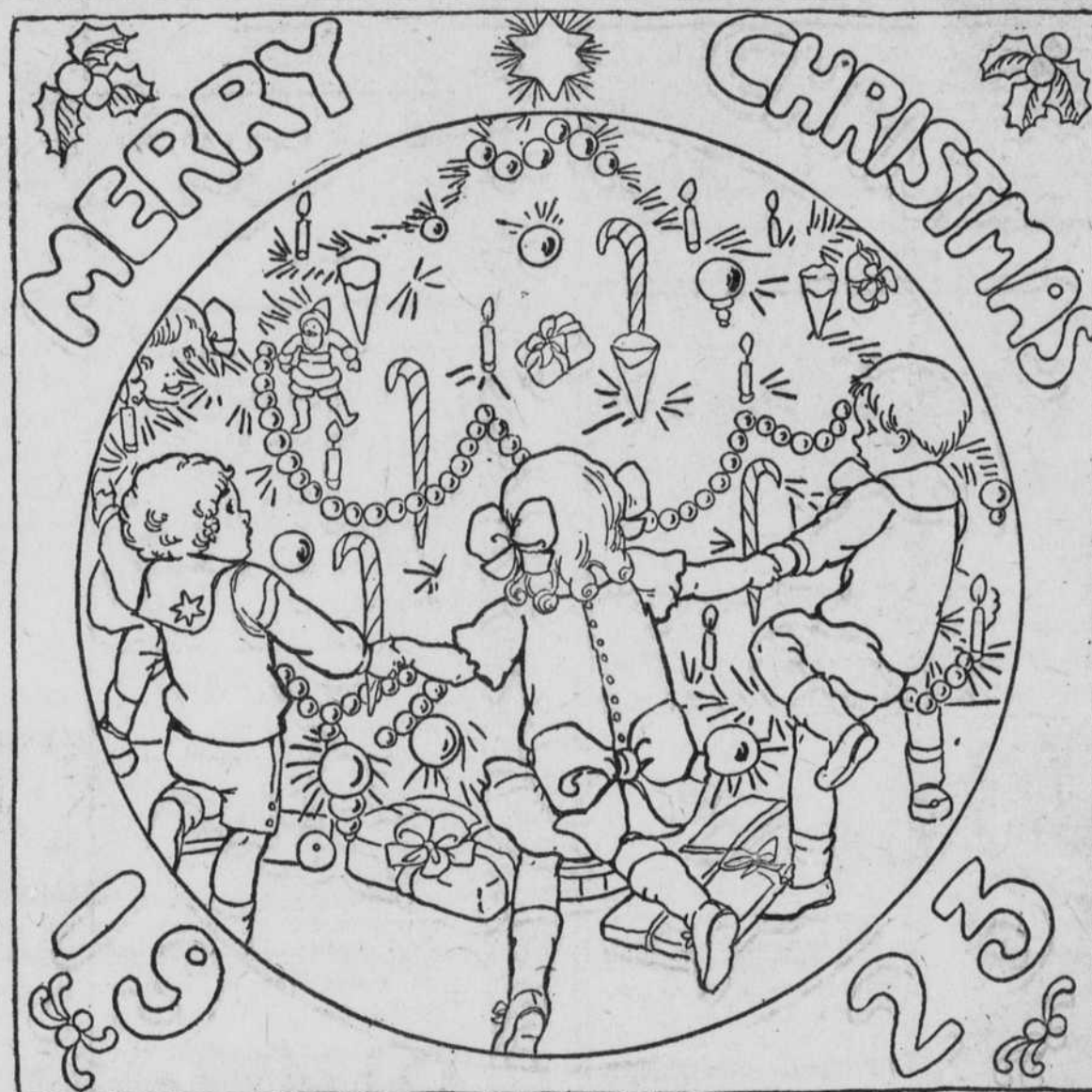
Santa Claus didn't pay any attention to her because he was busy hunting his pipe. It wasn't in the right hand pocket where it ought to be; it wasn't in the left. It wasn't in his hip pocket, of course, or it would have been broken all to smith before this and he'd have felt the pieces. Funny

searching, put the pipe in his mouth, pried the bowl full ready for lighting—and by that time, Mrs. Santa was back.

She tugged a minute at the robes in the very back of the sleigh but Santa Claus was far too busy getting his pipe to draw, to bother with what she might be doing, he didn't even look around.

"Dasher and Dancer!" called the little man. "It's time to go! Francier and Wizer! Stop sniffing for sugar! Not another lump shall you get till we have our night's work finished! Goodby my dear! I'll be back as soon as I can. Wish me luck that the stockings are well hung!"

Across the ice and snow; past pine forests and lonely lakes and ice bound rivers; down to the land of villages and towns and folks. At first each stop was very brief; it doesn't take long to fill stockings in a village where there are only a few children and where the chimneys are wide and easy to get into. By 10 o'clock he was entering the land of great towns and



(To be colored with paints or crayons. Whenever you come to a word spelled in CAPITAL letters use that color.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS! And a big **GREEN** Christmas tree all alight with **RED**, **BLUE** and **WHITE** candles each with a tiny **YELLOW** flame atop!

There is a string of **RED** balls and a string of **BLUE** balls and a string of **YELLOW** balls and all over the tree are **PURPLE**, **RED**, **ORANGE** color (use **RED** and **YELLOW** mixed) and **YELLOW** balls both great and small! There are interesting white packages too tied with **RED** ribbon and sticks of **RED** and white and **YELLOW** and white candy. There is a **RED** suited Santa Claus with long **BLACK** boots. He has a jolly **RED** face and wears white ermine and a white beard. There are **BLUE** and **RED** paper horns filled with candy no doubt, too!

YELLOW haired Susie with her **PINK** (use **RED** lightly) hair bows dancing has **BROWN** haired Billy on her right and **YELLOW** haired Teddy on her left. Billy has a **RED** tie and a white blouse. His trousers are **BROWN**, so are his shoes. Teddy's suit is **BLUE** with a **RED** star on the collar, and a **RED** stripe on the arm. Little Mary has her **BROWN** hair tied with **BLUE** ribbons to match her dress, shoes and socks. You can only see one of Molly's feet peeping from



"Well, Well, Well," Exclaimed Santa Claus, "Where Did You Come From?"

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER



CHRISTMAS MORN

O H, Christmas morn in Nursery-land! What tongue can tell its joys? Unknown indeed to all who are no longer girls and boys. Thanksgiving and the glorious Fourth no thrills like these can give—Its raptures in sweet memories thro' all the years will live! Dear Mother Goose—how hard she strove to make our Christmas bright. She toiled thro' many weary days and many a winter night That all her children—none was thought too ugly or forlorn—Might know the blessing of a bright and happy Christmas morn.

etles and then indeed he had to work fast.

Coming out from one great building where he had left a score of filled stockings he mumbled to himself, "Pins aren't I'll declare! What can the children be thinking of! Don't they want anything in their stockings more than a pin will hold? I know I shouldn't leave such children a thing but I do hate to disappoint them."

He didn't notice the robe at the back lift a trifle, the better to hear; he didn't hear one little voice say, "Now's the time!" She said when the pins began to bother." And another little voice say, "Quiet! We're a surprise you know!"

Next time the reindeer stopped, and Santa Claus went to a house, two tiny helpers followed in his footsteps so softly he didn't know they were there; two little surprises hidden under the robe by thoughtful Mrs. Santa tucked into the house through the window (there wasn't any chimney worth having for it was a house with radiators you see), and down into the living room where there was a gas log and a pretend chimney.

And there, sure enough, was a stocking—a nice big, hopeful stocking—hung up with a pin! Imagine! Santa gave a discouraged grunt and stuffed the stocking full and, of course, it tumbled down. Then, quick as a flash, one little gnome helper all the way from Christmas land, hopped up onto the mantel shelf, whisked out a good firm thumb tack, reached down the stocking as Santa lifted it and hung it up tight and firm as stockings should be hung. And the other little gnome helper hopped on top of the bag of toys and began packing them up for the next house—all just as nice and careful as though he'd been traveling with Santa Claus all his life.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Santa Claus, "where did you come from?"

"Mrs. Santa tucked us in for a surprise," said the helper on the mantel. "And we weren't to do a thing till you got bothered with the pinned up stockings," explained the other. "Then we were to hop right out and help as fast as ever we could, for we're her Christmas Eve present to you."

"Trust that woman for thinking of something fine," said Santa with a delighted grin. "She knows that what I most need on Christmas Eve is help! Truly, there couldn't be any Christmas without her!"

Then he put one gnome on one shoulder and the other gnome on the other, picked up his bag and hurried out to his sleigh. Lots of work to be done—no time for loafing yet awhile. And over the wall, over the house-top they dashed away into the night.

Puzzle Corner

NUMERICAL PUZZLE
There's a message hidden here, far and wide I'd send, If you care to know it, solve this puzzle, friend.

19-2-9-7-21-18. A boy's name.
17-11-8-1-12. A girl's name.
23-15-22-8-1. A flower.
6-4-10-18-3. An animal.
21-6-9-13-16-14. To agree to.

WORD SQUARE
My first is lit by candles.
My second is genuine.
My third is an English title.
My fourth is a girl's name.

ANSWERS
NUMERICAL PUZZLE—Thomas, Grace, Lilac, Tiger, Assent. **CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL.**

WORD SQUARE
TREE
REAL
EARL
ELLA

A MUSICAL CHRISTMAS—Piano, Harp, Mandolin, Guitar, Violin, Cornet, Zither.

THE JUNIOR COOK

CHRISTMAS SALAD
Peel and remove the sections of fruit from grape fruit, prepare enough to allow five sections for each person to be served.

Wash and take apart one fine head of lettuce putting the clean, moist leaves in a cloth bag in a cold place for an hour or more.

Prepare a French dressing by mixing together
½ cupful salad oil.
1 cupful vinegar.
1 teaspoonful sugar.
½ teaspoonful salt.

If a large number are to be served double the amounts.

As the time for serving draws near, arrange the lettuce on individual plates for serving.

Put five sections of grape fruit on each plate, arranging them in the form of a star.

In the very center of the star put one cherry—maraschino cherries are best for this use.

Ladle the dressing over the whole salad and serve at once.

Some Old Christmas Customs

LONG ago in some countries Christmas was regarded as a time like Halloween when all sorts of tricks were played and mummery was gone through with to predict the future. All the girls, then as now, wanted to know whom they would marry, and all the men longed to know whether or no fortune would come their way. A book popular in the reign of King James the First gives this method for determining your fate.

"Gyrls that doe search to know the names of those that shall their husbands be, take four, five or eight onions, and make in everie one a name they fancy most or beste thinke upon, set the onions near the chim-

ney, and the first to sproute doth surely bear the name of their good man. To know their husband's nature they gor after sundown to the wood pile and pull out a stick; if straight and even, without knots, a gentle husband shall to them fall; if crooked and knotty, a churlish, crabbed husband they feare."

In the country in England, a gentleman always invited all his neighbors and tenants to his great hall at daybreak on Christmas morning.

The great sausage or Hackin for the Christmas feast was supposed to be boiled before daybreak on Christmas morning. If it was not two active young fellows seized the cook by the

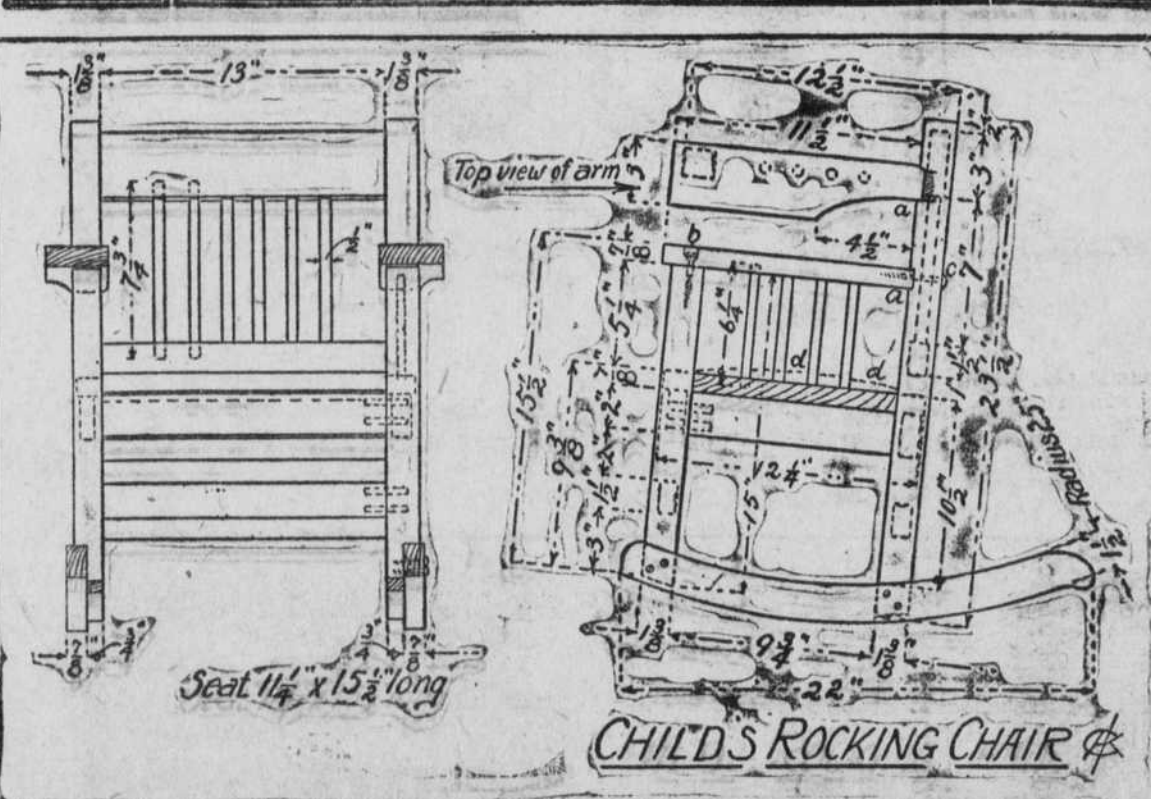
The Christmas Spies



AW, try to be more quiet, sis! I asked you once before To keep your feet and fingers still Don't scratch 'em on the floor! D'you think he'll use the chimney, sis, Or just come thro' the door? Sh! Saw that curtain move—I did! Say, ain't you nervous, sis? What's that? It sounded like a step. D'yer think 'twould be like this? Gee, ain't it dark? I'd go right back But think what we would miss! That's right—just crawl so easy-like You don't make any row. We're nearly to the dining-room. There's not much farther now. Oh, goody, there is still a fire—I'm not afraid, I vow!

Now you get close behind the door, I'll crouch down by your side, And all we got to do is wait—I think it's nice to hide. The grate gives plenty light to see—I didn't think you cried! Oh, quit it, sis! I b'lieve the tree Is back there in the dark—I see a silver star and such A lovely golden spark. Oh, sis, some one is coming—sure! I heard old Rover bark. He's coming! Santa's coming, sis! Now don't forget to peep! Oh, sis, I say he's coming! Don't just lie there in a heap! He's getting close! Well, I declare If she ain't gone to sleep!

The HANDY BOY AT HOME



CHIS project should interest the "Handy Boy," whose little sister finds her greatest joy in life in gratifying her maternal instinct by rocking her dollies to sleep. This chair will fit her dimensions so much better than one made for grown ups, and it well made of hardwood will stand any reasonable strain to which it may be subjected.

Make the legs first of 1 1/2" x 1 1/2", the back legs 23 1/2" long and the front legs 15" long. Cut the rails for the back and front exactly the same length and be sure that the ends are squared accurately. Make and fit the half inch dowels or square slats of the back rails; the dowels may be used more easily but the slats will look much better. Dowel all joints

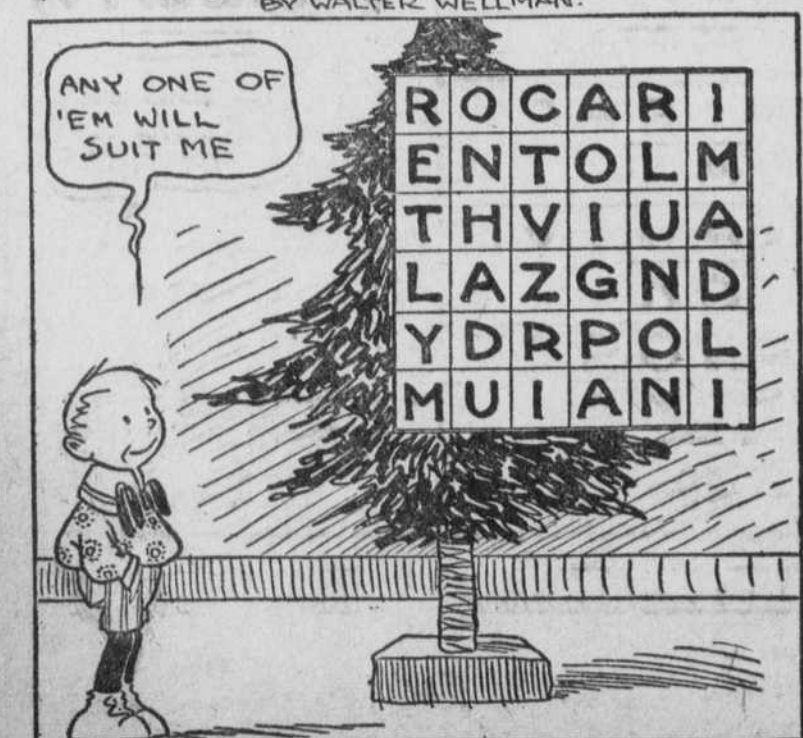
carefully, smooth and sandpaper all pieces and glue the back and front legs and rails together, forcing the joints to a perfect fit by clamps or other device, and holding them until the glue has thoroughly hardened.

Make and fit the end or seat rails; locate the dowels so they will not cut the dowels of the front and back rails, smooth and sandpaper them. Make the seat, the grain running the long way; cut to knife marks and try carefully to be sure it fits closely around the legs. Locate and cut places to receive the under arm slats or dowels. Smooth and sandpaper the seat, glue the seat rails in, using clamps, placing but not fastening the seat in place; be sure the front and back legs are parallel and the rail square with both and true with each other. After the glue has hardened nail the seat in place, make arms, cut groove in back legs at a to receive the arms. Cut sockets in the under side of the arms to receive the top of the under arm slats to correspond with those in the seat—Bore 5-32 twist drill holes for screws in the top of the front leg at b and in the back at c to fasten the

arm. The hole in the top of the arm to be 1/2" bore 1/4" deep as at b, with a 7-32" twist drill hole the rest of the way through the arm; these screws should be 2" x 13 flat head, while the ones in the back and end of the arm should be the same size but with round head. Smooth and sandpaper arms and fasten in place. Make plugs to fit the 1/2" hole b, by sawing a piece 1/4" long from the end of a 1/4" board and rounding it like a dowel excepting that the grain is square with the sides instead of length ways as in a dowel; this may be glued and driven into the hole b and smoothed off, when the grain of the plug will be in the same direction as the grain of the arm if the work has been well done. Make the rockers; locate and fit them carefully upon the ends of the legs, cutting out the latter to receive them, to insure a well fitting joint.

Stain and varnish or paint with flat color and a hard varnish. If desired the seat may be upholstered by using upholsterer's felt or Ostermoor felt, and covered with genuine or with imitation leather as indicated at d.

A MUSICAL CHRISTMAS



Start with any letter, and move up, down, to the right, to the left or diagonally in any direction. How many names of musical instruments can you make out. Bobbie wants at least one musical instrument for his Christmas present